

## The B E E.

A Busy humble Bee am I,  
 That range the garden funny ;  
 From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,  
 And ev'ry flow'r's my honey :  
 Bright CHLOE with her golden hair,  
 Awhile my rich jonquil is,  
 'Til cloy'd with sipping nectar there,  
 I shift to rosy PHILLIS.

But PHILLIS's sweet opening breast  
 Remains not long my station ;  
 For KITTY must be now address'd,  
 My spicy-breath'd carnation !  
 Yet KITTY's fragrant bed I leave,  
 To other flow'rs I'm rover ;  
 And all, in turns, my love receives,  
 The gay wide garden over.

Variety that knows no bound,  
 My roving fancy edges ;  
 And oft with FLORA I am found  
 In dalliance, under hedges :  
 For as I am an arrant Bee,  
 Who range each bank that's funny,  
 Both fields and gardens are my fec,  
 And ev'ry flow'rs my honey.

---

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.